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A N

ELEGY.

Sacred to the Memory

OF THE

High-Born Prince

Henry D. of Grafton,

WHO

Dyed of his WOUNDS at *Cork*,

October 9th. 1690.

In Pindarick Verse.

By *Franc. Hext.*

Hom. Iliad.

Καὶ τὸτ' αἶψ' ἐξέφερον Θρασὺν Ἐκτορα διακρυχέ ντες
Ἐν δὲ πυρρῇ ὑπάτῃ νεκρὸν θέταν, ἐν δὲ ἔναλον πῦρ.

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. M. and are to be Sold by *Randal Taylor*
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Henry D. of Grafton

WHO

Died of his WOUNDS at Grafton
October 2nd 1630

In Dismantled State

By Thomas Hunt

Home Hill

For the use of the
Library of the
Harvard College

Printed by T. M. and are to be sold by
Richard Taylor
New York - 1890

We had kept him the unwilling fair
 From War's bloodstained field
 And to had paid rate, and his Tyrannick Delinquency

ELEGY.

Sacred to the Memory
 OF THE
 High-Born Prince
 Henry D. of Grafton, &c.

Stanza I.

Begone, ye numerous Sons of Ptolomy,
 Who would th' Effects of Planets know,
 And all the Secrets, which do flow
 From the Dark Source of deep Astrology:
 We now do find by woful Consequence,
 Ye're but Pretenders to that mighty Art;
 Since none to us cou'd our Great Loss impart;
 By some Malignant Stars, our Influence
 Blush to Confusion, since ye ne'er could foresee
 That our Great Duke before Coths Bar Walls,
 By eagre Honours and Fates Envy drawn,
 Should to th' Eternal Irish Jubilee
 A Sacrifice so precious Fall:
 This had ye shown;

We' had kept him tho' unwilling far,
From War'ry Ireland's Rurful Shore,
And so had baff'd Fate, and his Tyrannick Destiny.

II.

Then our Mean Praise can no Addition bring
To thy true Bullion worth,
But rather Cloud, than Blazon forth
Those Wonders, which thy Royal Hand has done:
Yet 'tis our Duty, now to Moan,
And with Respectful Awe to come
With our officious, tho' unnecessary Epicedium.
Early thy budding Parts were shown
When thou to Portugal was sent
Adorn the Nuptials of that King;
A Select Cohort with Thee went
Your Entrance to be known, and make your Grandeur known,
At the First View confounded stood
The Royal Portuguese to see

In haste retir'd, himself to free
From the bright Rayes of Your too dazling Majesty.

III.

To Malta next his Course he bent,
And whil' the Grafton cut the Azure Waves,
All the Cloud of Pyrate Slaves
Scudded in haste to avoid their certain Fate.
Those Christian Knights of the Order were
His first Arrival on their Shore
His Welcome given, and his Men
With such Warlike Bladges Meant
That they astonish'd stood at our Discipline;
In their own Authors' Train

What our Great Fore-Fathers did,
 But they suppos'd when they did dye,
 Our Conquests with them hence did fly.
 But this Great Action did retrieve
 Our ruin'd Credit from the Grave,
 And made us seem Superiour to the Mighty Dead.

I V.

When *Potens* Politicians join'd with *Rome*,
 Contriv'd the Downfal of our Church and Laws;
 Then fir'd with Zeal for such a Cause,
 Did he his Warlike Garb assume
 As th' *Hercules* that *Hydra* to destroy,
 Who with her Phangs our Faith endeavour'd to Annoy.
 This they fore-saw, and sent an *Irish* Slave,
 First Born of Hell, t' Assassinate our Prince,
 But Heavens kind Influence
 Did him from that Contingent Danger save,
 And sent that Villain head-long to the Grave.
 When the *French* Fleet did swagger in our Sea,
 He boldly ventur'd 'mongst the Enemy,
 Whilst others Fought too nigh the Shoar
 He grappled with them close, and was himself the War.

V

As *Marcus Brutus* musing sate
 In his Pavillion, on the War,
 A dreadful Figure did appear,
 Which was the *Nuntius* of his coming Fate,
 He told him on *Philippi's* Plain
 He should behold his Form again,
 But he did Dare the Malice of the Fiend
 Out of the Tent did the Pale Shadow send
 By his Contracted Brow, and his Imperial Mein.
 But too well to the Destin'd Place he came,
 And led by Arbitrary Pow'r the *Roman* to *Elysium*.

So when our Duke, a Royal Volunteer,
 Before ~~Coxs~~ Walls resolv'd to be,
 The King of Terrors did appear,
 And with him brought all his Artillery,
 Bombs, Hand-Granadoes, Culverins; Canons, all
 The Murd'ring Ministers of Horrid War.
 Then pointed to the Place, where he should Fall,
 And where to him a Visit he would pay,
 He with a Look Elate, did fright Grim Death away,
 Whilst others on their supple Knees
 Fir'd their Charg'd Muskets from afar:
 He stood erect, defying Death, and his Weak Enemies.
 Death took the Hint, secur'd him as his Prize,
 But he long strove, before he prov'd the Conquerour.

V l.

It is the Practice of too Partial Fate,
 Immoderate Vertue for to hate,
 By long Experience she does find,
 To Lop a Hero, is to Massacre Mankind.
 The Mobile-Souls, whom Nature fram'd in vain,
 Or onely to fill up her Train,
 Live till Decrepit Age does come,
 And carry them to their long Home.
 But the Wise and truly Good,
 And those, that spring from Royal Blood
 Like early Flowers, are nip't in th' Bud.
 We could of Vulgar Men great Numbers spare,
 Who Slaves are to that Servile Passion, Fear.
 With these we had gorg'd your Rav'nous Maw
 As Numberless, as Curls upon the Sea,
 Or as when o're the Lake impending lay
 The scatter'd Seraphim, who dar'd to disobey
 Their Great Creator, and their Confusion downward draw.

VII.

VII.

For *Britains* Glorious Sons of War make Room,
 Who Pikes and shiver'd Lances bring,
 Who shatter'd Colours, Types of Victory
 Dear-bought from no Inglorious Enemy,
 And as a pleasing Offering
 To their Great *Hector's* Name, do fix them to his Tomb.
 You of the Female Sex, that are
 Most Noble, Virtuous, and most Fair,
 (For he was Beauteous, as a Fancied God)
 With flowing Eyes draw near,
 T' assist the Pious Dutchess, whose great Load
 Of Grief ineffable, Her Beauties Cloud.
 Could Weeping Eyes, or falling Tears,
 Or a Continual Form of Pray'rs,
 From the Dark Grave our Hero free,
 And once more Cloath Him with Mortality ;
 Her Grace so well does Heaven move
 For Her Dearest, Royal Love,
 With Her moist Tears, and never-ceasing Cries,
 That (if 'twere possible) He would forsake his Native Skys.

F I N I S.
